

Educating Walter by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/educating-walter/>
Story Notes:

This was written for my good friend Holmes's birthday, so it contains some of the things Holmes enjoys most. It's shared here with Holmes's blessing. I made the story suit the quote from a character DD played in *Space: Above and Beyond*. Above fabulous pics courtesy of *Sergeeva*. Very, very mild BDSM alert. Not beta'd. This is a sort of very loose sequel to my stories *Sunday*, and *Trust No1*, but you don't need to have read either of those to make sense of this.



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The tall man walked into the bar, holding his long raincoat tightly around his body. He saw the woman, sidled over to where she was sitting, and slipped into the seat opposite her.

"Did you get it?" She asked.

He nodded, opened his coat, pulled out a large, padded envelope, and handed it to her. She slipped it into her bag furtively.

"That's everything now," the man told her.

"How much did it all cost?" She asked.

"Enough." The man grimaced. "It'll be worth it though. Did you get everything prepared?"

"Yes." She nodded. "All set up and ready to go. All we need now..."

"Is the guest of honor." The man smiled grimly. He reached into a different pocket, and got out another envelope - a small one this time. It was addressed to Assistant Director Skinner of the FBI.

"Poor, dear Walter isn't going to know what's hit him," he murmured, with an evil grin.

Skinner rubbed his forehead tiredly. The letters on the page seemed all jumbled up. He rolled his shoulders, and tried to concentrate. Damn it, when was the pressure ever going to ease? He'd worked five weekends in a row, and now the Deputy Director had summoned him to a high level meeting in the middle of nowhere on Friday night - with the expectation that he be on hand for the entire weekend.

Skinner dreaded telling Mulder and Scully. They had a long standing rule that they tried to spend their Sundays together - and he had broken it so often recently, that he was seriously worried that his two young lovers would dump him. He didn't fear they'd find anyone else to complete their curious relationship arrangement, but he wouldn't have blamed them if they decided to go it alone, just the two of them. Why not? He often felt as if he was a spare part anyway, an optional extra. Who could blame them if they decided that he wasn't needed after all? They'd had plenty of opportunity recently to discover that he wasn't necessary to their unusual partnership - merely an inconvenient irrelevance.

Skinner took off his glasses and gave them a polish, delaying the inevitable moment when he'd have to tell them. Would it be better to break the news to Mulder, or Scully, he wondered? Scully, he decided. Yes, she was a woman, she'd be understanding. She wouldn't shout, she'd just fix him with those flashing blue eyes, then turn around and stomp off somewhere in a sulk, as women did. On second thoughts...Skinner shuddered. He hated sulking. It always reminded him of Sharon. No, on second thoughts, it would be better to tell Mulder. Mulder would do that guy thing, shrug his shoulders, hand Skinner a beer, say it was just one of those things...who the hell was he kidding? Mulder wouldn't do any of that.

He'd look at Walter with those clear hazel eyes, and shake his head, say he was disappointed in him, warn him that he was heading for a burnout. Mulder never pulled his punches; he always said exactly what he thought. Forcefully. Skinner winced. On second thoughts maybe Scully's sulking was preferable...

Finally he decided to leave it to chance, and instead of going to deliver the bad news in person, he picked up the phone. He was surprised when there wasn't any reply, so he left a message on the answering machine, feeling relieved. Now at least he wouldn't have to face them until after the weekend, when they'd have had a chance to cool down.

Damn the Deputy Director, damn the FBI - it was all very well being a workaholic when you weren't in a relationship, but when you were, well it was damn inconvenient. Skinner pounded his fist angrily on his desk in frustration. Damn, he wasn't very good at relationships with just one person - what on earth had possessed him to get involved with two?

The truth was that he was as upset as he was angry. Wasn't he allowed some fun once in a while? Wasn't he allowed out of the straitjacket of power and responsibility for just a few short hours, once a week? He missed his lovers. He missed their mischievous spontaneity, and the way they pressed their bodies against his with such lustful abandon, but most of all he missed **them**. He missed holding Scully's hand when they went out on one of their long walks, and he missed Mulder's endless conversation, and wild theories. He missed the sounds of their voices, and the way they looked at him. It had been weeks since he'd even seen them outside the office. Whenever he had bumped into them during meetings, they had been the consummate professionals they always were: Scully - demure, cool, and clear-headed, Mulder - brilliant, consumed, and articulate. To have them so near, and yet so untouchable, hurt him like a physical pain.

There was one thing he **hadn't** missed though - and that had been the look of reproach in their eyes every time he turned to ask for their professional opinion during those meetings.

The road was dark - well away from the bright lights of the nearest town, which was several miles away. Skinner frowned, pulled over, turned the car light on, and checked the map again.

"Talk about out of the way places," he muttered, scanning the typed notes that told him how to get to the Deputy's Director's country hideaway. He finally figured it out, and set the car going again. He turned off down a winding lane, and saw a house at the far end. It was in darkness, which didn't bode well. The last thing he wanted to do was to wake everybody up with his late arrival. Skinner yawned. He felt bone weary, and his head was full of sawdust from working such long hours. He tensed for the ordeal ahead. He was good at his work, and enjoyed it, but even so, he could have done with a complete break from it right now.

He pulled the car up outside the house, got out, grabbed his case from the trunk of his car, and knocked on the door of the house. There was no reply. Skinner wondered if he'd come

to the wrong place, and was about to go back and check the map when the door swung open noiselessly in front of him. He looked at it for a moment, reminded uncomfortably of too many bad horror movies where such things as doors opening on their own were preludes to imaginative, and improbably messy murders. Dismissing such thoughts, Skinner picked up his bag, and walked into the darkness.

"Hello!" He called cautiously, standing in the dark hallway. Behind him, the door clanged shut again. Skinner jumped. Now he really was becoming a tad nervous. "What the hell is going on here!" He bellowed, wishing he had a flashlight. "Who are you? What is this place? Stop this crap!"

A light snapped on suddenly, and Skinner blinked in surprise.

"They call me Handsome Alvin," a low, silky voice announced, and Skinner looked up and saw his lover standing on the stairs, towering over him. "This is my house..." Mulder continued, sauntering down the stairs. Skinner almost choked: Mulder was wearing the most ridiculous costume. Tight jodhpurs, a flowing white shirt, long, sleek patent leather boots that were so highly polished you could see your reflection in them...and he was carrying a riding crop, which he tapped menacingly against the palm of his hand as he walked. "And in my house..." Mulder smiled a not totally benign smile, "attitudes like yours..." he flicked his crop at Skinner's tie, "get spanked!"

Skinner opened and closed his mouth for several seconds, doing his best impression of a dying fish.

"Handsome Alvin?" He spluttered at last, raising an eyebrow. Mulder smiled, and waved the crop negligently in the air, pacing around the Assistant Director. "And may I introduce my partner, the delicious, the delectable, the very **strict**..." He dropped his voice menacingly, and stood behind the other man, pressing his cheek against his, "Mistress Domina!" He finished with a flourish.

Skinner gaped as a door opened, and Scully draped herself against the doorway. She was clad in a tight, electric blue corset, decorated with black velvet ribbons. It gave her curves in **all** the right places, as well as pushing up her breasts as if they were an offering, and emphasizing her bursting cleavage. Around her neck was a shiny silver collar, with the word "Mistress" engraved on it. She was wearing a pair of thigh length, high-heeled boots, laced up at the back in a criss-cross pattern. There was a fur-lined paddle hanging from a black cord around her tiny waist. Mulder used the riding crop to gently close Skinner's open mouth.

"Mistress Domina?" Skinner gasped. "Handsome Alvin?"

"That's right." Mulder smiled, relieving Skinner of his coat, and his suit jacket, and finally his tie. Scully sashayed forward, and began unbuttoning his shirt.

"What is this?" Skinner asked. "Mulder, what the hell is going on here...Ow!" he growled in surprise, as the riding crop connected with his ass.

"Handsome Alvin to you, or just plain ol' **Handsome** will do..." Mulder told him with a leering grin.

"In your dreams." Skinner retorted with a snort. "Ow! Will you stop that!" He put his hands back to protect his butt, only to find them handcuffed in place by a pair of furry cuffs. "Stop this! Both of you!" He ordered in his most commanding tone of voice. It was hard to be all **that** commanding while standing bare-chested with your pants around your ankles though. His errant lovers took no notice of his protests, and continued undressing him until he was naked.

"Into the Sanctum with him!" Mulder proclaimed loudly.

"I'm not going anywhere," Skinner told him firmly, but another light swat on his now naked backside convinced him otherwise. He shot Mulder a look that would have killed a lesser man, but Mulder just smiled, and raised the riding crop pointedly.

"Better do as he says, Walter," Scully whispered ominously in his ear. "You won't like him when he's angry..."

"I'm not sure I like him now," Skinner muttered, walking unwillingly after Mulder as he led the way to the Sanctum. Trust Mulder to come up with something this dramatic.

The grandly named "Sanctum" actually turned out to be an enormous bedroom, dominated by an equally enormous bed. The headboard was made of wood, and bore the names: Fox, Walter, and Dana, carved intricately in wide curling letters.

"Note that you are in the middle," Mulder pointed. "Pay attention, Walter, because you are going to be in the middle **a lot** for the next few days."

"You're trying to scare me now. I can tell." Skinner made a face and Scully laughed out loud, then put her hand over her mouth as Mulder shot her a reproving look.

"Mistress Domina - the charges please." Mulder held out his hand, and Scully handed him a piece of paper. Mulder took it with a ceremonious, and entirely unnecessary, sweep of his long arm, nearly knocking Skinner out in the process. "The prisoner will be kneeling." Mulder pronounced, glaring at the AD.

"No, he won't." Skinner replied.

"Yes, he will." Scully produced what looked like a feather on a stick, and tickled the back of Skinner's knees. He hopped around for a moment, then gave in and knelt obediently in front of his two naughty lovers. Scully bent down and undid the cuffs, then danced out of his way before he could retaliate for the indignities that had been heaped upon him.

"Are you Assistant Director Skinner, of Crystal City, well known workaholic and deskslave of the FBI?" Skinner opened his mouth to reply, then closed it again, as Mulder continued. "Are you also Walter - friend, lover, and object of desire, for Fox Mulder, and Dana Scully?"

Skinner opened his mouth again but it wasn't over yet. "Are you also our cuddly Walter, our big bear Walter, our snugly, sex god, Walter the Great?" Mulder boomed.

"Oh god, yes. Anything to shut you up." Skinner said, flushing to the roots of his almost non-existent hair.

"Good. I'm glad we've got that established." Mulder nodded, and Skinner raised his eyes to the heavens. "Well, Walter, you are hereby charged with neglecting your duties to said Fox Mulder, and Dana Scully. You are charged with promising them Sundays spent nestling and, um, doing naughty things, and then renegeing on said promise, in favor of..." Mulder paused dramatically, and Scully started to giggle, "that dire evil, that icon of bureaucracy, that false god - **paperwork**." Mulder finished, waving his arms in the air like a demented windmill.

Skinner sighed. "I knew that was what all this was about. Look, I'm sorry."

"A-ha!" Scully leapt up and did a little dance. "He admits it! He pleads guilty!"

"Good. It will go easier on him if he's contrite," Mulder stated portentously.

"I feel like I'm stuck in a really bad episode of Star Trek," Skinner muttered.

"Does the prisoner agree that he's guilty as charged?" Scully flicked the feather at Skinner's naked body.

"I had to work!" Skinner protested.

"Answer the question!" Mulder boomed. Scully set to work in earnest, running the feather all over Skinner's body, reducing him to a fit of helpless giggles.

"No, it's not my fault...agh!" Skinner gasped, rolling around on the floor, as the feather attacked his armpits and the soles of his feet with vicious and unerring accuracy.

"Well?" Mulder asked, standing over him, hazel eyes flashing with mischief. Skinner held out for as long as he could, but the tickling was relentless, and soon he was writhing pathetically in front of Scully's high heels, and Mulder's shiny leather boots.

"Yes! Yes! I give in! Yes, I'm guilty!" He gasped at last. The tickling stopped, and, aware that he had lost any last modicum of dignity, Skinner struggled back into a kneeling position.

"Very well." Mulder drew himself up to his full height, the white shirt billowing out around him. Skinner noted that the jodhpurs did nothing to conceal his lover's splendidly bulging erection. "The prisoner will now be sentenced," Mulder said, with a severe frown. "Cuddly Walter, you have been found guilty as charged, and your sentence is that you will remain here, in this place, subject to every whim of the aggrieved parties - Dana and Fox, until such time as you have made up for all your broken promises."

"You're going to keep me here all weekend?" Skinner asked, closing his eyes and remembering all the paperwork in his briefcase, to say nothing of the mounds piled up at the office.

"Oh no." Scully smiled at him, and flicked her wicked feather at his chin. "I believe that Handsome Alvin stated your sentence was to make up for broken promises, and I **believe** that you missed out on **five** promised Sundays, Walter."

"You're keeping me here for five **days**?" Skinner gasped.

"That's right." Mulder crossed his arms over his chest smugly.

"What about work? Oh god, you've gone too far this time, Mulder." Skinner groaned.

"Work will carry on without you. I've already arranged everything with Kim." Mulder grinned.

"You did what?" Skinner opened his mouth in surprise, and Scully took advantage of the moment to kiss him soundly.

"Kim's known about us three for ages," Mulder announced cheerfully. "She's been a good friend of Scully for years, and she was more than happy to oblige with our little plan. Nobody's expecting you back in the office until Thursday morning. So, you have days to unwind with **us**."

He put an arm around Scully, and kissed her cheek. "I've pocketed your car keys, and you're not getting your clothes back unless we say so, so you're not going anywhere. You might as well just sit back and enjoy yourself!" Mulder smirked. "Alternatively, you could just kneel there, and watch me and Mistress Domina make out." He grabbed hold of Scully, and pulled her close, and she put her arms around his neck and pressed her gorgeous creamy breasts into his shirt. Skinner closed his eyes and counted to ten, but the image of the two of them, dressed in those outrageous fantasy clothes, kissing and snuggling up was just too much for him.

"I agree!" he shouted, opening his eyes again. "Damn you both. I agree, I agree!"

"You agree to do whatever we say for the next five days?" Scully asked, her blue eyes gleaming wickedly.

"Within reason," Skinner replied cautiously.

"To willingly stay here and submit to everything we want, to not try and steal back your car keys, and clothes, and sneak off in the middle of the night?" Scully pressed.

Skinner sighed. "I promise."

"You agree to be our little love machine?" she continued.

"Who are you calling little?" He grinned. Scully let out a whoop of delight and kissed him again. Skinner felt the last piece of his resistance ebbing away.

"All right - let the games commence!" Mulder pronounced ominously. He picked up a piece of red fabric from the bed, and handed it to Scully.

"Mistress Domina - clothe the prisoner!" He ordered.

"My pleasure!" Scully breathed. Skinner eyed the strip of fabric suspiciously, but submitted as Scully slid it up his legs, and settled his cock into it. Then she stood back and he got a good look at it...and his heart sank.

"It's..." he began.

"Lovely!" Scully clapped her hands together, daring him to argue.

"Very pretty." Skinner finished weakly, looking down on the red satin thong stretched tightly over his cock, bearing the name "WALTER", embroidered in sequins across the front. "How come you two get the sexy clothes, and all I get is a thong? And how come you get the silly names and I get stuck with my own?"

"Well, that's because we made up all the rules." Mulder patted Skinner's cheek smugly. "Because **you** weren't around!" He grinned. "Which is your own fault. Think of this as an education, Walter. By the time we've finished with you, you'll never, ever, ditch us again."

"That's great coming from you, the man who could ditch for America," Skinner commented sourly.

Mulder grinned. "Just give in, Walter, honey. You know you want to," he whispered in Skinner's ear, his vibrant, mischievous voice, full of naughty promise, going straight to Skinner's cock, making it twitch.

Skinner sighed again. "Yes, Mr. Handsome," he agreed in a small voice. "I think I do."

"Very well - let's proceed to the punishment." Mulder stepped back, and held out his hand. Scully gave him the fur-lined paddle, and Skinner looked at them both in alarm.

"Don't worry - this will be fun!" Scully told the startled man, tickling his balls through the thong with long, blue painted talons. She took hold of her panties, and lowered them down her thighs with a little wriggle that made Skinner's hard cock even harder. Then she laid herself down on the enormous bed.

"On your knees, prisoner!" Mulder ordered. Skinner knelt down in front of the bed, and the younger man pushed him forward, so that his nose was tickling Scully's knees. She opened her legs, and slid down the bed, grabbing his head between her thighs, and Skinner started to get a fair idea what this game would entail. He had to agree with Scully's assessment. It **was** starting to look like fun.

"All right -let's get to work. Pleasure your Mistress well, Walter, and that's how you'll be rewarded," Mulder told him with a knowing wink.

He stood back, and ran the furry paddle over Skinner's tautly muscled backside. Then he delivered a stroke that landed with a muffled thump on its target, creating a nice, warm, caressing, fuzzy feeling in Skinner's buttocks and sending his nose, and eagerly awaiting tongue, straight into Scully's crotch. Skinner set about licking her, in a way he knew his little lover adored, allowing the momentum of each lovingly applied thud from Mulder's soft paddle to send him even further into the folds of Scully's flesh. She started to moan, and wriggle, and Skinner felt his cock start to explode against the satin confines of the thong. Ten minutes, and one pleasantly glowing bottom later, Scully reached orgasm, and Skinner looked up, his face flushed with pleasure at having brought his lover to such an explosive climax.

"How did I do?" He asked anxiously. Mulder's only reply was to envelop him in a warm hug, and kiss him firmly on the mouth, his tongue slipping inside and devouring the kneeling man. A few seconds later, Scully pulled herself together and crawled towards them, insisting on thanking the prisoner personally.

"Now, for the reward!" Scully smiled, pulling Skinner onto the bed, and whisking his cock out from the side of the thong. "Lie still."

Skinner did as he was told, and watched as Mulder parted his thighs, and gently entered a lubed finger into his anus. Meanwhile, Scully crouched beside him, and applied her mouth to his cock, gently sliding over it. Mulder's one finger became two, then three, then he sat up, and opened the front of his pants. Skinner moaned, unbearably turned on by both the sight of Scully's creamy breasts, and wickedly extravagant cleavage, and Mulder's smooth, long, erect cock. His lover stretched a condom over his rampant penis, and then turned back to Skinner, taking his pleasantly warm buttocks in his hands, and gently parting them, pulling Skinner closer. Skinner gave himself up to the delight of the dual sensation of being sucked by Scully, and fucked by Mulder. It was all too much. His whole body was quivering with the waves of ecstasy that were rippling through him, and he couldn't hold on. He came in one great, shuddering gasp, aware of Mulder's wildly grinning face, and the little whimpering cries of delight that Scully always made during sex. She reminded him of a mewling kitten.

They lay there in a throng of limbs and sated flesh for a long while, and then Mulder crawled up the bed to Skinner, and kissed him again.

"I think your education is going very well, Walter." He grinned.

"Wise-ass." Skinner muttered feebly.

"Time to clean up." Scully patted his thigh, and he got up and followed his partners over to a big set of French Windows, wondering what the hell was outside. Mulder opened them with a flourish - to reveal a huge outdoor hot tub. It was a warm night, and the bubbling water

looked very inviting. Standing beside the hot tub was a cool bucket, containing a bottle of champagne, and beside that was a fruit bowl, and a fondue of melting chocolate.

"Never let it be said that we don't know how to show you a good time," Mulder murmured, pinching his lover's bottom.

"Why don't you undress us, Walter, and then we can all get clean," Scully said, presenting her corseted form to Skinner.

"It seems a shame to strip you of this amazing garment," Skinner whispered. "You look so beautiful." He felt suddenly overcome. They had gone to all this trouble for him - he didn't deserve them.

"Walter?" Mulder turned him around, and saw the look in his eyes. "Hey, big guy, we're glad you could join us." He kissed Skinner firmly. "Now, get cracking, prisoner. You have some serious undressing to do!" That dispelled Skinner's mood of melancholy, and he quickly set to work.

Scully's garment was a triumph of upholstery, and he savored undoing those long, velvety ribbons that criss-crossed her back, kissing her shoulder blades, and the back of her pale neck as he went. Finally the corset fell to the floor, leaving her small, and white, and almost edibly naked underneath. Skinner knelt down and carefully undid all the fastenings on her high-heeled boots, before peeling away her stockings, pausing only to plant a kiss on her electric blue garters. Scully caressed his head with her fingers while he worked, then slipped into the hot-tub, while Skinner turned his attention to Mulder.

He undid Mulder's shirt slowly, looking into the other man's eyes as he did so, and paused to lick his lover's nipples. Then his hands fumbled with Mulder's shiny belt, and unbuttoned his pants, before smoothing them down his long legs. He knelt down and helped Mulder out of his boots, while the agent leaned on the big man's shoulder for balance, and soon Mulder was naked too. Mulder flicked the thong from Skinner's body, and they both got into the hot tub next to Scully. Skinner was sandwiched between the two of them, and he lay back, his arms around them, wondering how on earth he could have even **considered** working this weekend instead of spending it with his two divine lovers. He savored the smell of Scully's hair, and the feel of Mulder's lean, muscled flesh under his fingers.

"Close your eyes." Scully whispered. He obliged, and a few seconds later a glass of champagne was placed in one of his hands, and his lips were parted by a strawberry dipped in chocolate. It slid down his throat like ambrosia, and was followed by Mulder's tongue. Meanwhile, Scully was busy painting fondue over his nipples, which she removed with some serious nibbling that made him sigh.

"I'd forgotten how beautiful the countryside can be." Skinner murmured, gazing at the sky several minutes later, sipping his champagne. The water was so warm, and overhead the stars were sparkling in the dark sky. "What **is** this place, Mulder?"

"Handsome Alvin!" Mulder reproached him with a grin, sliding his hand between Skinner's legs, and fondling his cock. "This is my inheritance, actually, Walter. It belonged to my

grandmother - she left it to me in her will. I'd forgotten all about it until I went through some old papers recently. I was going to show it to you a few weeks ago, on one of those Sundays you missed, but Dana and I had to make the trip without you. Once we got here, we did a bit of cleaning up, and hatched our plan for educating you!"

"That must have been fun." Skinner said mournfully, thinking of the two of them doing the place up, painting the walls, like a regular couple.

"It was." Scully told him, snuggling herself under his arm, and nestling her red hair under his chin. "But mainly because we were looking forward to surprising you with it. Now we have a hideaway, Walter. Our own house in the country to escape to. It's beautiful around here. We can go for long walks, and lie naked in front of the fire telling each other stories, and then we can come out here and sit in the hot tub."

"Perfect." Skinner breathed.

"It is now." Mulder kissed the side of his bald head.

Skinner slept for 12 hours, nestled in that enormous bed between his two naked lovers. The following day was spent in the leisurely exploration of each other's bodies, combined with eating, and the obligatory painting of Scully's finger and toenails - bright red this time. Later, they took another trip to the hot tub, and then Mulder announced to the prisoner that they would be going out.

"Where?" Skinner demanded.

"Somewhere special - so we're going to dress you up!" Mulder grinned.

"Dress me up?" Skinner repeated warily.

"Relax!" Scully slapped his naked bottom. "You're going to look gorgeous!"

Skinner watched as Mulder put on a red silk collar-less shirt, and smooth, gray pants. His young lover looked devastatingly handsome all dressed up.

"I've never seen you in these kind of clothes before," Skinner breathed, as he helped Mulder put his cuff links on, lingering over the task, and inhaling the scent of his lover's cologne. Then he was beckoned over to help spoon Scully into an impossibly tight silk dress, in exactly the same shade of red as Mulder's shirt.

"Oh god, it does that cleavage thing again." Skinner moaned, lingering over her breasts. She grinned at him, and pushed him over to Mulder so that he could dry the agent's damp hair. He returned to see to Scully's red tresses, watched lovingly while she painted her lips bright red to match the dress, and nail varnish, and then knelt to help Mulder into a pair of shiny black shoes.

"And now," Scully said, advancing on Walter with a mischievous smile, "it's time to dress **you**." She handed him his thong and his heart sank.

"Please tell me I get to wear more than this!" He exclaimed.

"Of course." Mulder whispered sensuously in his ear. "But we want you to wear the thong we gave you underneath, so that we can look at you all night, and know what you're wearing beneath your oh, so respectable, outfit."

Scully slipped Walter's cock into the thong, arranged the thin strip of fabric neatly into the crease between his buttocks, and then she went to the closet, and pulled out a magnificent black tuxedo, complete with a red cummerbund the exact same color as her dress, and Mulder's shirt. The two agents helped Skinner into his evening wear - Scully knelt and did up his pants, while Mulder buttoned up his white shirt, and tied his bow tie. Finally satisfied, they presented him to the mirror for his inspection.

"Do I look okay?" He asked, anxiously, and Mulder and Scully dissolved into a fit of helpless giggles.

"Oh, sweetheart," Mulder chuckled, pinching Skinner's bottom. "You look more than okay!"

"Now, there's one thing we mustn't forget." Scully handed Skinner her gold necklace with the inset ruby, and he fastened it around her neck for her, bestowing several little kisses on her hair as he did so. She then handed him Mulder's ruby earring, and Skinner dutifully fastened that in his other lover's ear, unable to resist a little nibble as he did so. Finally, Scully took hold of his hand, and pushed his own gold wedding ring, with one ruby inset onto his finger. Skinner looked at them both, and positively **glowed**.

The Assistant Director felt like a kid as he sat in the back of the car, with Mulder driving and Scully navigating.

"Where are we going?" He kept asking. "How far is it now?" Mulder and Scully just exchanged infuriating smiles, which didn't help. "Why are we all dressed up? What kind of place is it?" Skinner demanded. Mulder started to sing at the top of his voice, and Scully joined in. Skinner winced - Scully's singing was legendary. "Okay, okay, I won't ask any more," he grumbled, smoothing a tiny crease out of his immaculately pressed pants. After 45 minutes they arrived in a large town, and Mulder pulled up in front of a brightly-lit nightclub, bearing the name ***Café Marlene***.

"Are we here?" Skinner asked, getting out, and wishing he didn't sound like he was 10 and being taken on a birthday treat.

"We're here." Scully slipped her arm through his, and, much to his surprise, Mulder slipped his arm through Skinner's other arm. They didn't usually indulge in displays of affection outside the privacy of their own homes. Their relationship was too complicated, and Skinner wasn't entirely sure that the world would understand.

"Don't worry." Mulder whispered, as they escorted him into the nightclub. They were met at the door, by a statuesque woman who looked uncannily like Marlene Dietrich. She was clad in a tight blue dress, and had a long cigarette dangling from an ebony holder clutched between her lips. She smiled at them, and held out her hand.

"I'm Marlene. I'm so pleased to meet you," she purred at Walter in a thick German accent. He stared at her dumb-struck. "I'm ze hostess, please, let me show you to your table." They followed her across a large wooden dance-floor, passing a band.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Skinner exclaimed, bumping into a woman dressed in a tuxedo. He did a double take, realizing that she was dancing with another woman dressed exactly the same, with the addition of a monocle. They smiled at him, and resumed dancing cheek to cheek. Skinner glanced around, and noticed several other couples dancing - some of the same sex, some of opposite sexes, and some...some of indeterminate sex. Skinner opened his mouth in wordless surprise, and glanced at Mulder as they were seated at their table.

"This place is divine isn't it?" His young lover grinned. "It's based on the sophisticated clubs of the 20's - the sort Marlene Dietrich used to hang out in. Anything goes here - gay, straight, somewhere in between, like us." He winked.

"Transvestites, glamor junkies, androgyny, it's all celebrated here," Scully told him, patting his knee with her hand and leaving it there, where it was soon joined by Mulder's hand, which appropriated his other knee, then slid along to his thigh.

Skinner had the distinct feeling that his young lovers were showing him off. They ate a delicious dinner, then Marlene dropped by their table and asked Scully to dance. She accepted with a grin, and Skinner felt his cock hardening as those two exquisite women swayed in time to the music, Scully's red head resting on the taller woman's shoulder.

"And would Walter care to dance with me?" Mulder stood up, and held out his hand. Skinner hesitated.

"I don't really dance too well," he admitted.

"Then that's another side of your education we'll have to address!" Mulder proclaimed, pulling his startled lover to his feet and whisking him onto the dance-floor.

"I thought you hated dancing." Skinner muttered, remembering the fuss Mulder had made at having to slow dance with him for Scully's amusement a few months previously.

"To a big band like this? No way!" Mulder exclaimed, stepping back, and then pulling Skinner close, before whizzing him around in a breathtaking circle. "This is like being in Hollywood in the glamour years..." Mulder said excitedly. "The sounds, the people all dressed up, the thrill of the, uh, somewhat outré nature of the establishment, all that elegant sophistication, it's such a turn on." He grinned, pulling Skinner close. "Tell me that your cock isn't getting hard inside that lovely little thong," he whispered into Skinner's ear. Skinner flushed, and Mulder pressed his thigh against Skinner's groin, smilingly knowingly, one hand caressing his lover's buttocks. Skinner sighed, and laid his head on Mulder's shoulder, allowing his lover to guide him around the dance-floor, while his mind floated away on a haze of contentment.

Scully claimed the next dance, and then Skinner insisted that his two lovers danced with each other. He sat watching, drumming his foot on the floor, when Marlene approached

him, arms outstretched. "I must dance with this exquisite creature!" She insisted. Skinner flushed, but Mulder and Scully were beckoning him to accept her offer, so he got up, and took her into his arms. She was a tall woman, almost as tall as Mulder, and she pressed her body against him, and positively purred into his ear, telling him how attractive he was.

"Zis, is a fantastic body you are hiding here, under ze beautiful clothes," she said huskily, in a loud voice. Skinner could hear Mulder and Scully killing themselves laughing as they swept past. "But you are with these two, yes? They take good care of such a treasure?" She demanded. "If not, you come live with Marlene, hmmm?"

"No! I mean, thanks for the offer, but they do take very good care of me, yes," Skinner mumbled frantically. The dance came to an end, and she led him back to his table, where Mulder and Scully had already seated themselves.

"One kiss for Marlene, yes?" She asked. Skinner glanced at his companions, who both waved their hands and insisted that he oblige. Duly emboldened, he swept Marlene back, and delivered a smacking kiss to her pink lips. She laughed, as he returned her to an upright position, then turned to Mulder and Scully.

"You are lucky, lucky beasts!" She exclaimed, and they both exploded in a fit of giggles.

"We know, Marlene!" Mulder replied, patting Skinner's bottom. "We know!"

Skinner sat back down, feeling slightly dazed. "What an amazing woman!" he said, watching Marlene sashay away. Mulder and Scully exchanged a knowing look.

"Shall we tell him?" Scully asked, her face crinkling up.

"Tell me what?" Skinner demanded, looking from one to the other of them, and wondering what was coming next.

"Marlene isn't a woman, Walter. Actually I think her real name's John." Mulder grinned, leaning back, and taking a sip of his brandy.

"What?" Skinner turned in his chair, and watched the statuesque woman as she found another victim to lead onto the dance floor.

"View it as another chapter in your education, Walter," Mulder commented, with a wink. "Learning how to tell the boys from the girls!"

Skinner spent the next few days on a sex-induced high. Mulder and Scully took him on long walks in the beautiful countryside, and insisted in equally long sex sessions in front of the roaring fire. Skinner submitted to every single activity without demur. It felt so good to relinquish control, and just enjoy whatever his inventive lovers came up with next. He hadn't felt this relaxed in ages. He realized how stupid he had been, working so hard, without respite, for so long. He needed his Sundays with his lovers, to unwind. Thank god they had decided to take him in hand, and coerce him into enjoying himself. He lay in bed on the Tuesday evening, knowing they had to return to DC the following day, and looked

down on his sleeping agents. Mulder's long, lean, body, was wrapped around his chest, and Scully's neat, slim figure, with its soft white curves, was snuggled under his arm, her red hair covering his shoulder. Feeling overwhelmed, he hugged them close.

"Thank you," he whispered.

Skinner woke late the following morning, to find Scully and Mulder talking to each other in whispers.

"I'm telling you, Scully, he loved every minute of it." Mulder was saying. Skinner feigned sleep, curious.

"Mulder, we practically kidnapped him, took his clothes away, and treated him like a sex slave for the past few days!" Scully protested.

"Yeah, tell me what guy doesn't like the idea of **that**." Mulder replied. "Look, it's classic psychology - Walter has a lot of power, a lot of responsibility. It's a well known fact that people in those kinds of jobs like to de-stress by having the decisions taken away from them in a sexual context."

"What if he didn't really like it," Scully murmured.

"Scully - the guy's had a permanent stiffie since the moment he got here! I don't think he minded too much!" Mulder remonstrated.

"We've never interfered with his work before. Maybe he'll be mad at us when we get back home," Scully mused.

"Nah - he'll thank us. You remember that time, ages ago, when we all sat around on your bed talking about our favorite fantasies? You came up with the sappy one about me and Walt baby dancing by candlelight, then making love."

"Yes, I remember." Skinner felt Scully's head move in a nod against his chest.

"Well, do you remember that Skinner said he loved the idea of us taking him by surprise, and waylaying him one day, and doing things to him that he couldn't say "no" to? We've just provided him with the fantasy." Mulder made a little snickering noise.

"Well, I hope he's okay with it. I wouldn't want our big guy to be angry with us." Scully pressed her nose against Skinner's chest, and he turned over, and buried his face in his pillow to hide his wide smile. So, all this had been Mulder's idea? Hmmm...

Scully got to work early on Thursday morning. They had given Skinner back his car keys and clothes on Wednesday afternoon, and waved goodbye to him. Scully wasn't sure, but she thought she saw a malicious glint in his eye as he picked her up and kissed her soundly.

"Bye, Mistress Domina!" he'd said, pinching her bottom. "And bye, Handsome Alvin!" He grinned, tousling Mulder's hair. "See you back at work!"

And here she was. Scully sighed as she surveyed the mountain of paperwork that had built up during her impromptu three-day vacation.

"That's always the trouble with vacations - clearing all the work away when you get back," she sighed mournfully to herself, thinking guiltily about how it would be even worse for Skinner, who seemed to swim in paperwork at the best of times. The phone went and she picked it up, surprised to hear her boss's voice.

"Agent Scully?" He was all brisk, and business like, the way he always was at work.

"Yes, sir?" She replied demurely, the consummate professional.

"I'd like to see you in my office. Now," he snapped.

"Yes, sir," she gulped, dreading what he was going to say.

Skinner was seated in front of an enormous pile of files. He glanced up when Scully came in, and she took a deep breath. He looked very serious. He got up and shut the door behind her, then gestured that she should be seated.

"Agent Scully, I'm sure you know that your behavior over the past few days has been highly improper..." he began.

Scully flushed. "Yes, sir, I'm sorry, sir. We shouldn't have interfered with your work..." she apologized.

Skinner held up his hand. "Highly improper - but immensely enjoyable," he finished, treating her to his special Walter-smile. "Thank you, Dana." His dark eyes twinkled behind the glasses. She let out a little giggle of relief, and he came around the desk to kiss her cheek.

"Now, there's one important matter that I think we must discuss," he told her, resting his large hands on her slender shoulders.

"What's that, sir?" She asked, looking up at him.

"Do you remember, months ago, when we were all lying around on your bed discussing our fantasies?" He asked her.

She smiled, and nodded. "Yes, sir,"

"Do you remember Mulder's fantasy?" He asked her.

"Yes, sir, but..." She frowned, then looked up at him, a wide grin creasing her face, to be met by an answering grin of pure evil from her boss. "Oh, yes, sir!" She breathed.

THE END

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